



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

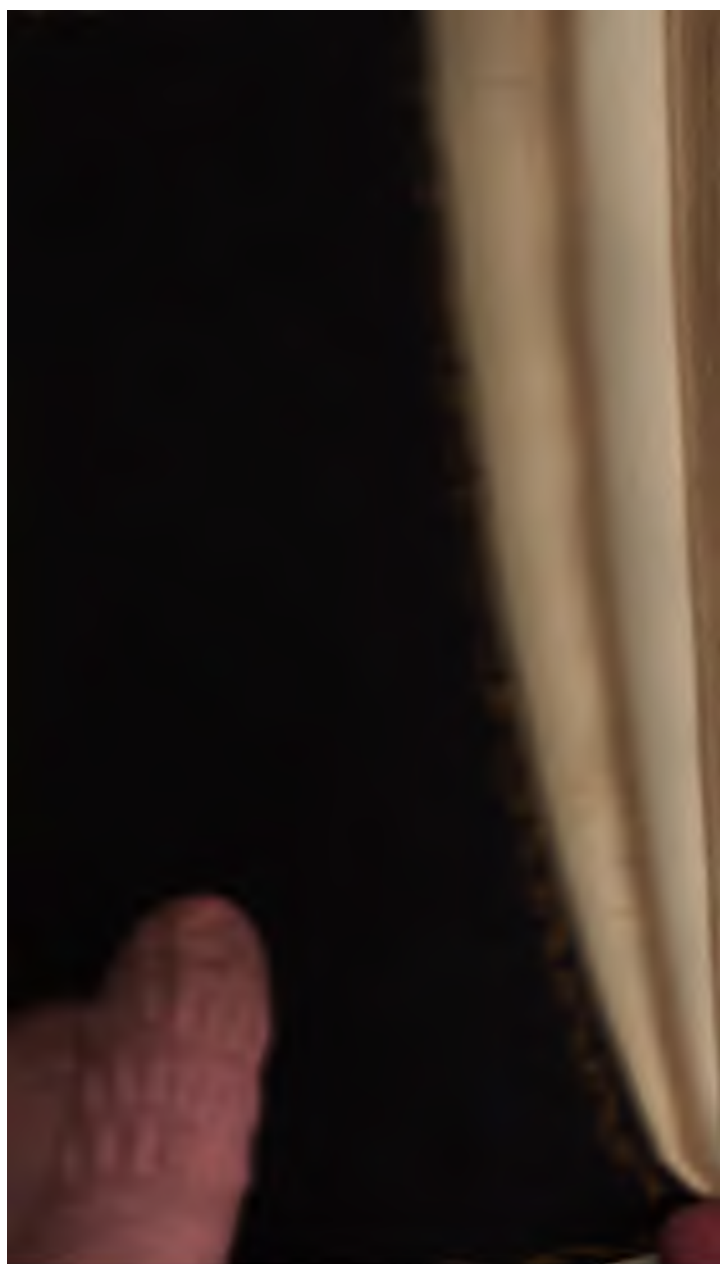
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





Sylvain Van De Vleper.



Bought from J. Thin 331/1152

W/c

26451 e. 100

2/11/12





600043686X

# Intellectual Sentiments,

EXPLAINED BY THE  
*STUDY OF SENSATIONS.*

INSCRIBED, BY PERMISSION,  
TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

---

BY A YOUNG LADY.

---

In that soft season, when descending showers  
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;  
When opening buds salute the welcome day,  
And earth, relenting, feels the genial ray;  
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,  
And love itself was banish'd from my breast;  
A train of phantoms, in wild order rose,  
And join'd, th' intellectual scene compose.

---

LONDON :  
PRINTED FOR JOSEPH BOOKER, NEW BOND STREET.

---

1809.





---

Reynell, Sons, and Wales,  
Printers, 21, Piccadilly.

---

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be:  
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend;  
And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

---



TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

---

MADAM,

To your Royal Highness, whose illustrious rank and station give not more dignity to the princess, than that transcendant integrity and unimpeached honour, which shine so conspicuous throughout your Royal Highness's actions, this Work is most respectfully inscribed.

Convinced that I annex as noble an ornament to the following pages, by placing your Royal Highness's name before them, as the most celebrated authors could have given by a fictitious representation of all that is amiable, lovely, and engaging. If expanding scenes of wit, knowledge, and accomplishments, flowing from a lady of consummate virtue, delight in romance, what must they do in genuine history? Such as your Royal Highness will give to future ages, and such as the mention of your name intimates to the present.

As it is not the value of the gift

but the purity of the heart which is acceptable to God himself, so the perfections your Royal Highness has attained in imitating the munificence of this Divine Being, has encouraged me to offer at your Royal Highness's feet my trivial mite; for, to whom should I fly for protection, but to the living shrine of all human virtues.

The Work now presented to your Royal Highness, and which you have deigned to take under your Royal protection, is a composition intended to instruct the rising generation in this degenerate age, when produc-

tions of the most scurrilous nature gain the sanction of an unsuspecting public, and no discovery is made till the deleterious influence is too deeply rooted in the heart for human efforts to eradicate.

To attract the attention of those who as yet have fixed no standard to rest their opinion, is the design of the work your Royal Highness gives me the permission to dedicate.

In gratitude for the unmerited honour conferred on me, and penetrated with the most lively sentiments of deference and profound veneration,

**DEDICATION.**

v

allow me, madam, to subscribe myself

Your Royal Highness's

Truly obliged, devoted,

And very humble servant,

**THE AUTHORESS.**





## *PREFACE.*

---

THE purport of this compendious Work, is to shew the origin and genuine ensign of our several inclinations, pleasures, and obligations, by which we arrive at an explanation of the whole theory of humanity and morals. Our Divine Creator having given us abilities corporeal and ideal, in order to promote our happiness, and has likewise been pleased to lead

us to this exalted end, not only by the deductions of reason, but also by the power of instinct and sensation, a still more powerful principle. Thus nature, by a perception of pain, immediately informs us of what might become injurious to our body; on the contrary, a pleasing sensation gently conducts us, to whatever leads to the preservation or good state of our mental faculties, the two points on which our felicity depends. Our abilities can neither be of use nor exhibit themselves, farther than we employ them. Motion is therefore so requisite to us, that without it we must inevitably fall into a lamentable

## PREFACE.

is

state of stupidity and languor. On the other hand, as we are unfortified and restrained mortals, all vehement and forcible action impairs and ruins our organs: therefore we must only use a temperate motion, since by this means the use or excellence of our faculties is reconciled with our first concern—that of self-preservation. Now it is to this blest medium, that the Supreme Author of nature has so judiciously united pleasure. Having confirmed this principle, I shall consider the different pleasures of the senses, those of the intellectual powers, and those of the heart. I shall also minutely account for every thing.

thought, or prized, beautiful and pleasing in the works of nature and art, in countenances, in colours, and in sounds; in the figure, proportion, symmetry, variation, and novelty of objects; in language and style; in the sciences, in the passions, in the movements of the soul; in short, in every thing conducive to true and rational happiness.

I shall likewise endeavour to shew, that by these steps we may ascend with ease to a first, intelligent and beneficent, cause, who has established this delightful harmony, and given to us exactly that degree of sensibility

which was most beneficial to our necessities.

I shall here make it my peculiar study to prove, that we find our felicity in the discharge of the several duties we owe to God, our neighbour, and ourselves. Not satisfied to stop here, I shall attempt to reason on the goods and evils appendant to every rank; to shew the superiority of mental blessings; and the advantages, which every one may gain from a proper use of his abilities, so as to make life pleasant and to promote the public good, by an uninterrupted course of rational occupations.

- This short analysis will be able to make the reader sensible, that the following sheets aim at containing the genuine principles of natural theology, morality, eloquence, and taste, both with regard to the liberal arts of genius and wit. Here, in a peculiar manner, those who may peruse the following pages may learn the chief end of wisdom, the delightful art of making ourselves as happy, as our present frail state will permit.

As I am compelled by more important motives than the vain desire of eulogy, to submit this composition to the public eye, I hope to find that

indulgence which my sex and reduced circumstances may unaspiringly bid me claim.

It has been my most sincere wish to render this work instructive, by endeavouring to set forth virtue in her most radiant light, and to mark vice with every shade of deformity. For, notwithstanding my present embarrassments, and the partiality I may be allowed to have for my Intellectual Sentiments, I would rather commit it to the flames, than be the instigator of suffusing the cheek of innocence; or vitiate the mind of unguarded youth.



Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend,  
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art ;  
While they who ne'er the paths of science trod,  
May justly tremble at the critic's rod.

THE AUTHORESS.



## INTELLECTUAL SENTIMENTS.

---

*Of the beauty of the body, of ideas, and  
the soul.*

---

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice  
Attend each mental power.

---

AMONG all the blessings diffused around  
us, perfection is the most invaluable. It  
is as it were the ensign of happiness, and  
there is a hidden delight accompanies

whatever induces us to think we are possessed of it. This imagination so interesting is produced by our own fancy, out of the various materials furnished by education, constitution, society, and our own reflections. We in general think it to consist of a collection of qualities foreign to us, which can be given or taken away by the caprice of fortune. How absurd the idea! But reason soon exults over it, and always gains the ascendancy in those who are led by her axioms.

'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,  
For vice or virtue, self directs it still.

The principal end of all moral philosophy is to give us just sentiments appertaining to this point.

Perfection consists in the possession of such qualities of the body, mind, and soul, as are calculated to procure our principal happiness, in compliance to the intentions of our Divine Creator, which are engraven in the nature of our existence. We advance to a higher degree of perfection in proportion as the body is less distempered, and is able to perform the motions assigned to it according as the mind is less deceived, and can with ease understand and set forth the beauty of truth. In fine, we become more perfect as the soul is less corrupt, and the more free she is from the seeds of envy, malevolence, and uneasiness, the more she is inclined to direct her desires by a clear and sure judgment, the object of which is firm and durable felicity.

But let us not confine this solid happiness to the limits of a few years. Inward sense ought to convince us, that this principle is indivisible, and in course immortal. The prospect of future happiness ought always to be esteemed as the principal part of the present.

It is from this idea of perfection that friendship borrowssuch immanentdelight, though certain philosophers have imagined its origin to be derived from our impotence, without the aid of others, to obtain the necessities of life.

Yet if there is such a tie, which is only a hireling traffic of self-interest, there is another, the object of which is far more exalted. In this we less consider bene-

fits received from others, than the proofs we have of their perfection.

—— To the heart inspiring  
Vernal——delight and joy.

The charms of grandeur and opulence do not consist in keeping thought at a distance. The highest pleasure attendant on that state is, that all with whom the great converse are very assiduous, to heighten and exalt the ideas they have conceived of their own personal accomplishments.

Vice always debases us, because it flatters us, and we are content with receiving from an external appearance of perfection an inward satisfaction, which

can only flow from intrinsic excellence. Vain, deluded mortals ! an empty bauble is able to imprint the most strong impression on us ! Whatever adorns itself with the outward form of virtue, strength, or activity, finds its way to us by the most fascinating charms.

It is this imaginary perfection, which gives such high esteem to revenge. But to flatter us, pride has no occasion to set before our view the brilliancy of our perfections. There are persons who make the disgrace and faults of others a subject of pleasure, and they seem to enjoy that superiority, their being free appears to give them. Yet there are a miserable set of people, who can take delight in being too severe upon the failings of their fel-

low creatures, and this malevolent propensity has a genuine misery concealed beneath it. This is endeavouring to become opulent by the indigence of others.

It is with perfection as with all other things capable of evidence, and is proved to us, not only by the testimony of our own perceptions, but also by the authority of others.

We always desire the approbation of those with whom we live, and this we do independently of any motive of interest. Self-love will not dare to vindicate itself, unless it has the concurrent approbation of others. This partiality for esteem is naturally proportioned to the extent of our abilities. An exalted genius



and nobleness of soul animate a man, to look for an acknowledgment of the excellency of his judgment, from men of all nations and all ages. It is true we may say of the wise man, (if there are any deserving that title), what the most ancient writer of tragedy has said of one of his heroes—"Satisfied with being really praise-worthy, he heeds not whether he has the praise of others or not." But this man is not entirely exempt from the desire of fame, he only carries it a degree farther than the rest of mankind, he aspires to possess the approbation of his Creator.

Great source of day! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide  
From world to world the vital ocean round,  
On nature write, with ev'ry beam, his praise!

The good opinion of others not only flatters us, by the propitious idea it gives us of our personal qualities, but it persuades us that others consider our happiness as making part of theirs. So great is our connection and reliance upon each other, that there is not an individual in society who is not capable to disturb our happiness, though there are more who endeavour to promote it. What can afford us more felicity in our weak state, than to see in all around us an universal wish to serve us ?

But if the esteem of others has in itself no inducement but the mere promise of happiness, how comes it that we should procure it by the sacrifice of our lives ? History has immortalized such Romans,

Greeks, and Chinese, as have devoted themselves to certain death, with no other motive than that of exchanging this life for the praises of posterity. How wonderful it is that men, who had no idea of a future state, should fly to meet their destruction to procure such a happiness!

This heroic principle flows from a secret hope, that flatters us with the view of enjoying reputation which will reach us when in the grave. A confused idea of immortality prevails even among those who have not a clear notion of this truth. But there is still another consideration: it is very probable that these illustrious persons may have been more happy in their death, than they would have been

had they enjoyed life longer, as they were admired by their friends and countrymen, and inwardly convinced they should be so by posterity, likewise by their enemies and mankind in general.

This multitude of admirers, to a cheerful imagination, forms an object truly delightful, and which, though of short continuance, appears more valuable than a long series of sensations, which, though pleasing, have an alloy of bitterness and chagrin

'Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

Those qualities which distinguish us from others, are not the only ones which

flatter us. Whatever shews the perfection of our species, makes an agreeable impression upon us.

The magnificence and change of objects, as well as dignity of thought and sentiment, appear to trace the most part of their charms from the proof they give us of the excellence of human genius ; and the resemblance of an object appears more pleasing in a picture than in a river, because the image reflected in the water only flatters our sight ; whereas, the arts of painting or statuary seem to breathe life into the canvass or marble, and contribute to increase our pride and self-love by a consideration, which indeed ought rather to mortify us, when

**we see the stupendous works of one man, which another is perfectly incapable of.**

*There is a satisfaction accompanies all the  
motions of the heart, where fear and  
hatred are not predominant.*

---

Hail, thought sublime!  
Propitious power.

---

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call.

---

NATURE has enlightened us with understanding, nor has she limited this to the sensation alone of what passes within us. The qualities of others are likewise the

objects of our knowledge, and they give joy or grief, according as they are pleasing or painful to the existence of those who possess them.

We cannot help being filled with inward horror when we see persons with troublesome excrescences, broken limbs, or of a cadaverous colour: on the contrary, a placid temperature of the blood is shewn by an agreeable colour of the complexion; and the organs, which without having any thing superfluous, possess every thing requisite for the complete execution of their offices, are characterized by the consonant turn of the features.

Beauty changes according to the va-



rious climates in which nature has placed us. There is a beauty which shines in the Farnesian Hercules, as well as in the Venus of Medicis: it is even conspicuous in the stern brow of Michel Angelo's Moses: so that for every age and every sex, there is a particular species of ornament assigned to every thing decidedly beautiful.

Something than beauty dearer should they look,  
Or on the mind, or mind illumin'd face;  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love:

No climates are productive of regular beauties. There the notion of what is beautiful is not placed in what is really so, but in what has the least deformity.

The imaginary beauties supply us with an amusement still more pleasing than those of outward figure; and unless we are touched with envy or hatred, we cannot without delight behold a lively penetration in another, which at once distinguishes truth from falsehood; and we are delighted with a pleasing whim which amuses us with interesting representations. A dignified air strikes us more than the beauty of the body, because it is a transparent veil through which the mind may be perceived.

This dignity consists in the proper method of gesture, attitude, and motion, and the true expression of our thoughts, and in adjusting all of them to the end designed. If the performance of our

plan is not too much toiled, but appears to be done in an easy natural manner, this makes the whole far more pleasing.

The charms of a lively genius, however dazzling they may appear, are completely darkened by those of the soul. The most refined judgment, and the most sprightly sallies of wit have nothing to be compared with the brilliancy of those charms which are so eminent in a noble disinterested soul. Our theatres will always echo with applause in favour of the greatness of the high priest, who had the fear of God alone; and mankind in general will commend the benevolence of Titus, who regretted the loss of all that time which he had not employed in making his fellow-creatures happy.

These genuine charms of the soul sometimes inspire us with affection for the dead. How is it that Plutarch, in his comparisons, has a greater ascendancy over us than more celebrated historians, so as to lead us to read him repeatedly, and still fancy it the first time? It is because he there gives a kind of history of exalted sentiments.

There have been men, and those distinguished too for their understanding of the human heart, who seem to have thought that the gratification we take in the beauty of the soul, is only a private joy arising from self-love, when we see such qualities in another as are favourable to our own peculiar advantages. But in answer, I venture to assert, that a traitor appears

detestable even to those persons whom he has saved by his perfidy. A prodigal appears contemptible to the man whom he has made rich by his own ruin: on the other hand, a stranger whom we have no knowledge of, one that is dead, engages our admiration from an act of virtue, from which it is impracticable we can derive the least advantage; nay, it is not impossible that while our enemy strikes us with terror, we may at the same time be delighted with his heroic courage.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,  
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise ;  
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,  
When those who bring that incense we despise ;  
For such the vanity of great and small,  
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

It is with the beauty of the soul, as with that of the body; it notes the qualities that are most adapted to the existence of those who possess them.

What can be more suitable for the unfortified state of man, than by our benevolence to excite and engage others in our interests, to preserve a firm resolution in our greatest dangers, and to lay up in our hearts a nobleness of soul, which may make us independent of fortune?

But if it is true that the beauty of the body, as well as of the soul, marks out the qualities which are most useful to those who possess them, how comes it that they likewise give delight to a soul, which is an entire stranger to them?

Here let us adore and admire the wisdom and stupendous goodness of our divine and omnipotent Creator.

These are thy glorious works, parent of good,  
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,  
Thus wond'rous fair ! thyself how wond'rous then  
Unspeakable ; who sitt'st above the heav'ns,  
To us invisible.

If we turn our eyes upon the feebleness of man in a state of infancy, when oppressed with disease, when in retirement, when overwhelmed with care, or worn out with age ; if we consider his genius for arts and sciences, his partiality for praise and esteem, together with his strong desire of friendship and company, these reflections will point out to us that

he is formed for society, that there are hidden ties which bind him in the most close manner to those who surround him. Besides in this situation, it was of the first-moment that we should at once be capable to discern those men whose intercourse might be serviceable to us, as well as those who might prove pernicious.

If we observe a cadaverous colour in the complexion, an unhappy turn in the idea, a dark dejected disposition, these qualities, destructive to those who possess them, and hazardous to those who approach them, disgust us by their irregularity, and are as it were the outcry of nature, warning us to beware of an enemy who threatens us. On the contrary,



a happy conformation of the organs, a refined idea, and a singular beauty of soul, by conducing to the felicity of those who possess them, may at the same time contribute to the happiness of those who have any intercourse with them. Fine features embellish those captivating qualities of the soul, and in a manner assure, that they may become useful to ourselves in the various conditions of life wherein we may be placed.

Probably it is this bounteous regard of nature, which has caused the disdain of those who, in place of acknowledging the power of God in the beauty of the soul, have fancied that it sprang from the reflections of self-love upon what might

be for its own benefit; as if this forcible impression which it makes upon us was not antecedent to all our observations.

The beauty of virtuous principles, the chief adornment of human nature, is nothing but the beauty of the soul marked out in the management of life. If in the works of art the relation of the means to the conclusion is sufficient to ornament them, what can be more charming than the narrative of all the deeds of a virtuous man or woman to an end adapted to their abilities, their rank, or the felicity of their fellow-creatures, as well as their own happiness.

On the other hand, what deformity can be more disagreeable to the sight,

than to see friendship and equity sacrificed to self-interest? What more base, than to degrade ourselves by the sordid objects which we follow, or blindly giving up ourselves to the dictates of a precipitant arrogance, or wavering in irresolute principles?

It is the united beauty of the soul and the idea, which concert to make that rare and estimable accomplishment, imperfectly expressed by the style urbanity: it is a genteel elegance, which knows how to approve without being offensive, to give praise without envy, to rally without ill nature; which marks out the defects of mankind with a gay whim, unattended by malevolence; which is able to throw the most serious subjects into the most

pleasant dress, either by an ironical turn, or by a politeness of expression. From gravity it passes to cheerfulness, and employs an easy wit, which yields a double pleasure to the mind, because it is not concealed or entangled, while it leaves room for conjecture, and gives a delightful appearance to all the sentiments of virtue.

Tempt with ambition, if you can, the soul,  
Whom neither vanity nor wants controul.

The air of the face, and of the whole person, sometimes brings into one point of view all these numerous kinds of beauty. There is a certain resemblance, which the external figure preserves with the accomplishments, which characterise

the good disposition of the mind and soul.

The happy conformation of the organs is noted by an air of freedom and assurance ; that of the fluids, by an air of vivacity. An air of delicacy is as it were a particle which proceeds from a fine imagination ; an air of softness indicates delusive complaisance ; a majestic air denotes a sublimity of sentiment ; a gentle sweetness in the air is a certain sign of a return of friendship.

All these various airs are pleasing, not only because of the qualities they express, but also by the sensations which they excite, and they become more or less so in proportion to the secret rela-

tions which they bear to our peculiar dispositions.

Those animals which attract us by their beauty, give us this pleasing impression either from their bright colours, or their graceful motions, and the sensations which they seem to express to us by their air.

*There is a pleasing sensation accompanying  
whatever exercises the mind without fatiguing it.*

---

When bleeds the heart, as Genius blooms unknown;  
When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier;  
Not wealth, but Pity, swells the bursting groan,  
Not Power, but whisp'ring Nature, prompts the tear.

---

THE human soul is susceptible of love and hatred, and it is by these passions that we are attached to what appears to be our good, while at the same time we refuse or fly from what seems to be the contrary. These are the two springs which put all our abilities in motion.

Hatred, and the passions which rise from it, are of necessity attended with a painful sensation, proceeding from the motion which we have of the evil which torments or threatens to afflict. The contagious poison is conveyed into our blood, and interrupting the course of perspiration, diffuses an offensive impression through the whole of the human body. Yet there is a sweetness which helps to alleviate this bitterness. The soul feels a gratification in those passions, which seem most adapted to her present condition, and appear to have a tendency to destroy whatever threatens her. Such are the most part of our sensations. Pleasure and pain, in conjunction, make up the composition which becomes pleasing



or unpleasant, in proportion as the former or latter is most prevalent.

There are, at the same time, certain cheerful pleasures which are brought forth in the bosom of hatred. The destruction of an enemy appears to be the most essential blessing. And there are some men in whose eyes no object appears so delightful as the ruin of their neighbour, whom they thought to be perfectly happy. In short, the prosperity of another increases their misery, and they are greatly pleased when the object is removed that was displeasing to their sight. Yet, notwithstanding these malicious pleasures, there is a secret wretchedness which lies concealed, and which is only a little sof-

tened, and the sensation for a time suspended. Thus every man, who is of an envious disposition, is naturally of a gloomy discontented turn of mind.

All other motions of the heart, those of fear or hatred excepted, are agreeable. Whatever we feel of commiseration, friendship, gratitude, liberality, or benevolence, yields a delightful sensation.

Here, wrapt in studious thought let fancy rove,  
And see where anguish nips the bloom of love.

The power of love and friendship is so great, that it even gives delight to sorrow. Has death snatched off the object of your neighbour's affection, if you have any respect for his happiness, do not trifle

with his grief. He would reject your immoderate consolation, and exclaim in the words of the poet—

“ My sorrows please me and shall always do so,

“ Since to me it supplies the place of him

“ Whom I lament.”

It is then that the soul displays to herself, the imagination of the person held dear, in the most striking colours. She sees, she enjoys, and this enjoyment, though ideal, affords her intrinsic delight. The love of ourselves being united to this concern helps to make the sorrow far more interesting. We love to recall those sensations which have flattered us, and we commend ourselves as having had merit sufficient to deserve them.

There have been pious visionaries, who have made an effort to make their minds so far abstracted, as to wish the protraction of their love for God, and the annihilation of that delight which they experienced in loving him: but to take away pleasure from the idea of loving, would be the same as if we were to take away roundness from the idea of a circle. Love is solely disinterested, when we have no other advantage resulting from it, but the satisfaction which attends the deed itself. So far the Christian ought to be void of self-interest.

If there have been divines, who have fancied the soul to be wholly capable of being disinterested with regard to pleasure, there have been philosophers, who

have thought her incapable to be influenced by any motives but those derived from the view of self-interest. But in order to convict this idea, let us for a moment take a survey of our theatres. The novelty there displayed, though frequently thought to corrupt the mind, still is sufficient to make us sensible she is formed for virtue. Why do we shed tears for unfortunate heroes? With what exuberant joy would we fly to rescue them? Whence comes this adherence? Does it proceed from the ties of blood or friendship? No, certainly: we have engrafted in us the seeds of benevolence, which are always ready to spring up in favour of virtue, and dispose us to humanity, when their growth is not obstructed by opposite passions. History informs us of a

Grecian tyrant, who being present at the representation of Euripides's Hecuba, left the house at the end of the first act, filled with conscious shame when he found himself in tears ; by this means shewing a tender feeling for the departed souls of the Trojans, which he had never felt for his own countrymen : barbarous and inhuman, when in pursuit of what appeared to be his interest, yet by nature formed for benevolence.

O Thou ! by whose almighty nod, the scale  
Of empire rises or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving virtues round  
In bright patrol : while Peace and social Love,  
The tender-looking Charity, intent  
On gentle deeds and shedding tears through smiles  
Undaunted truth and dignity of mind.

Since the motions of the heart are pleasing where humanity prevails, and only painful where hatred reigns, it is but rational to think, that the ancients ought to have reckoned those tragedies alone defective, which raised the misfortunes of virtuous persons to such a degree, as to kindle indignation; but not those, wherein solicitude for their fate is worked up to the catastrophe, and at last gives place to the joy of seeing them perfectly happy. At least, we must so far agree with an ancient writer, that a strong esteem for self-preservation makes us more willing to receive the impression of sorrow than joy; so that the soul more deeply interests itself with the misfortunes of a virtuous person, than with his prosperity. Doubtless his happiness

would have given us pleasure; but by a certain magic power of tragedy, his misfortunes move us with a kind of delightful sorrow, more pleasing than joy itself, because it gives a more cheerful employment to our humanity and benevolence, the secret delight of which is so powerful, as to be capable to convert grief into joy, and to render tears more agreeable than smiles.

Whence comes it that we should be so agreeably entertained with representations on the stage, while at the same time we should be shocked with inward horror had they really been performed before us? It is owing to the different positions of the object, that we feel such contrary impressions. The more likely the misfor-



tunes of others are to reach us, so much the more we dread their becoming personal; whereas, those which tragedy presents us with, are seen at a distance: they do not disturb the love we bear to ourselves, they only rouse the benevolent love, which prevails within us in favour of the virtuous.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,  
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,  
Through every action shine.

Love preserves something delightful, even in the want of the object of its affection. We in some measure always enjoy what we hope for; yet we have not always the fruition of what we really possess. It is more agreeable to be car-

ried by our desires towards the least object, than in reality to possess the greatest benefits while the heart remains inactive.

Hope gives a delightful prospect to the various kinds of happiness which we have in view. Eager in pursuit of pleasure, we flatter ourselves with the thoughts of obtaining it from all unknown objects, which seem to promise the gratification of all our wishes.

Truth herself is obligated to this secret hope for part of her enchanting brightness. She often puts on a flattering appearance, alluring the mind by the agreeable hopes of success, while she enslaves the heart with the pleasing thoughts of possessing what is promised. But in

and we shall highly condemn them for not exercising their talents in exciting the sensations of the heart, which alone can proceed from real pleasures.

*There is a science of sensation as certain  
and more momentous than any other  
science in nature.*

---

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave,  
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive.

---

THERE are some enlivened beings, that  
seem to be sufficient of themselves. In  
the spot where they are placed, they find  
every thing requisite for their preserva-

tion and improvement. It is not so with man, there are no limits to the infinity of his desires. He is overpowered with wants, which all nature seems inadequate to supply, at the same time he is enriched with a variety of organs, which enable him to distinguish and to make use of the most distant objects. Whatever causes a temperate exercise to these organs, is accompanied with a pleasing sensation. That uneasy disposition which we observe in children, shews what an agreeable thing motion must be to them. Even old persons, in whom age has made torpid every other sensation, are pleased with moderate exercise.

There are persons who fancy that the delight, which men shew for all kinds of

amusements and exercise, springs from a wish which they have to shun themselves, or avoid their own company; but in my opinion it proceeds from that pleasure, which accompanies the exercise of our different abilities; though this delight may make but little impression, it is not the less genuine. Is it not a general thing, to see women employ themselves in some trivial work to drive away melancholy, from which occupation they intend no other advantage but mere amusement?

The principle of this pleasure consists in the organs of emission. There are certain vapours not to be seen, which are incessantly exhaled through the pores of the skin. Were these to continue too

themselves from the lofty mountains into the deep valleys, the fields which exhibit to our view the most enchanting landscapes : all these objects are pleasing in proportion to the sublimity and variety of the representations, which are painted in the retina of the eye.

All hail thy roseate ray !

That bids gay Nature all her charms display,

In varied beauty bright !

It is with hearing the same as with seeing. We know by remarks which have been made, that the tympanum of the ear is composed of a variety of chords, each of which has a peculiar spring. A sound is pleasing as it affects a greater number of those fibres with motions,

which have the nearest likeness, and are most frequently united: on the other hand, a noise becomes tiresome to the ear, when the fibres clash and displease each other by the disagreement of their motions. Variety likewise gives pleasure to sounds: the most delightful cease to be so and become troublesome, when the action has been too long repeated upon the same fibres.

It has been thought that words could not possibly be agreeable, but by the ideas which they conveyed to the mind: but must we give up our experience, and that of all mankind, to depend upon such weak authority? There are not only sounds, which of themselves touch the fibres of the ear with pleasure, and others which tire them, but likewise the organs.



of speech are united with those of the ear ; and the nerves by which they are joined make their interest one. Thus, we cannot with pleasure hear those sounds that are pronounced with pain.

The resemblance of tastes and smells is in the same manner as judiciously adapted to our necessities, as that of colours and sounds. The sharp and piercing salts, if conveyed into the body in respiration or digestion, would produce diseases ; and for this reason, they discover their fatal quality by the force of their impression, upon the nervous papillæ which constitute the senses of tasting and smelling.

Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,  
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind.

The medicines, which physicians prescribe by way of remedy, have often very unpleasant smells, but let us not be astonished at this. Health consists in the equal proportion of those salts, sulphurs, and other principals, which form our fluids ; if any of them become prevalent, or too much weakened, then distempers ensue ; and in order to restore the just balance, we are frequently obligated to have access to a remedy, which to a man in health would prove a slow poison.

But there are certain general medicines prescribed to us by the hand of Nature, which are requisite in all disorders, and almost sufficient to cure them: these are a proper diet, and the use of liquors capable of diluting, cooling, and restoring

*There is an agreeable sensation which accompanies whatever exercises the organs without weakening them.*

---

Order is Heaven's first law ; and this confest,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest ;  
More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence  
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

---

EXERCISE of the mind is as requisite as that of the body to preserve our existence. The senses of animals being more active than ours, are sufficient to direct them

to whatever is agreeable to their nature, or to avoid whatever is opposite: but we are endued with a mind to supply the defect of our senses, and pleasure presents itself to animate the mind to a suitable exercise, and to keep it from falling into a state of destructive inaction. Pleasure, the nurse of diversion, is also the origin of arts and sciences: the universe is compelled by our diligence to pay tribute to our wants; at the same time, we cannot help acknowledging our obligations to the law of Nature, which has united a degree of pleasure to whatever exercises the mind without fatiguing it.

There have been men, and those called philosophers too, who have maintained, that the exercise of the mind is no

vey to us a true sense, notwithstanding there may seem an inconsistency in the style. If we intend only to instruct, then our term cannot be too plain ; but if our design is to please, we may then gratify the mind with an opportunity of exercising her susceptibility. The idea we wish to convey will acquire new excellencies, if, after the custom of Virgil's Shepherdess, there are some pains taken to conceal it, in order to give the greater pleasure when discovered.

Order, proportion, and symmetry, are pleasing, because they make it easy for the mind to understand, and preserve the different parts of an object.

Imitation by sounds, colours, gestures, .

or conversation, has the same superiority as symmetry or proportion: it presents objects to our sight, which the idea can with ease comprehend, by the similarity which is made with those already known to us.

Contrast is no less easy to be understood by the idea than the similitude: it makes contrary objects to approach each other; it brings to light the characteristics of one, by comparing them with those of another. But if contrast and likeness have the same advantage, I ask whether they may be used impartially? No, certainly. Contrast is very successfully made use of in poems, pictures, and other works, wherein the parts are purposed to be seen in succession; but in

those intended to be taken in at one view, proportion ought to prevail in all the suitable parts. The sight could not but be displeased at an inequality, the cause of which could not appear to the mind.

All great architects, among the various proportions consistent with the chief design of their works, have always determined upon those which the mind could most easily comprehend.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,  
Study's the specious trifling of the mind,  
Or is at best a secondary aim,  
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.

It is the same with the musician  
as with the architect: the beauties

most easily compared, are those which best express the musical harmony of his composition ; and the pleasing sounds are those, which convey to the mind the greatest exercise without fatigue.

Bold and elated pieces of music only please the most nice critics in that science. By their exquisite taste, they can with ease distinguish, amid sounds which seem to disagree, a relation which entirely escapes ears less refined.

Among all the various proportions, there is none which gives a thought more pleasing to the mind, than that perfect agreement of all the parts of a work with the final end therein proposed. This is



the principal of all beauties ; it is this which gains the ascendancy, and superintends, over all the other parts, and they are to be looked upon as perfections or imperfections, according as they agree with this grand and principal design.

Poets imitate the same axiom in the method of their images. They are not only careful to keep all the various characters in a state of subordination to the chief hero, they also endeavour to make all the casualties with which they present us instrumental to one great conclusion.

Doubtless we may comprise in a poem different fictions, and place there, as in a gallery, a succession of numerous representations. Ovid practised this rule ;

but several ages before his time, when poetry was yet in its origin, Homer found out that it would be more pleasing to the mind, to collect and introduce into one picture a variety of actors, and make them all promotive of the same action. Upon this idea, he first formed his plan of an epic poem.

A considerable time succeeding the plan of an epic poem, Æschylus formed that of tragedy, by the true representation of an event brought to light in all its circumstances. This celebrated rival of Homer observed, that a dramatic poem would afford to the mind still greater charms, when one principal action united all the scenes, and held them in a manner joined together in the remembrance.

Likewise, Æschylus added the unity of time and place to that of action.

By the theory of sensation it is certain, that the observing these unities is not a mere arbitrary method; because there is a degree of pleasure connected to whatever enables the idea to form an accurate representation of an object presented to her view.

Yet we must own, that as the pleasures which affect the heart have the ascendancy over those of the imagination; therefore, if the observing these unities was only to make the representation more easy to the conception, then indeed we might sacrifice this advantage, when by doing so we might make the

scenes more interesting by the variety of accidents. But there is another circumstance which ought to be taken into consideration.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
At fifty, chides his infamous delay;  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve  
In all the magnanimity of thought;  
Resolves and re-resolves—then dies the same.

In dramatic poetry, whatever leads to make it less interesting, must be looked upon as an imperfection; on the contrary, whatever helps to heighten the fraud on the idea, is highly agreeable. If an old man performs the character of a youth; if a young man that of age; if the ornaments represent the fields or country,

When the scene is supposed to be in a palace; if the dresses are not suitable to the rank of the persons, then such disagreements become displeasing. It is the same, when the concord of time, place, and action, is not observed. Let us suppose the chief action of a theatrical piece to be multiplied; let some ages pass away in the course of a few hours; let the performers be transported in an instant from one part of the world to another: do not all these things appear as the greatest absurdities, yet at the same time they bring to our mind the fiction of the representation, and are as it were a voice telling us it is folly to waste real tears on feigned sorrow?

*Of the satisfaction, which is annexed to  
virtuous pleasures; that is to say, such  
as are proofs of our perfection.*

---

Through Nature's ever varying scene,  
By different ways pursu'd ;  
The one eternal end of Heav'n,  
Is universal good.

---

I HAVE so far endeavoured to discover  
the source of pleasure in the soul, and  
the organs of sensation. According to  
their various modifications, there are al-  
ways others in the brain, familiar and  
proportional to them, the traces of which

are retained by the memory. Is there any possibility of unravelling this mystery? For here, Nature appears to have enveloped herself in a mystic veil, which I fear mortals will never be able to remove. But if we cannot expect to arrive at the true knowledge of this point, let us not despair of guessing, for when experience fails us, conjecture is always willing to assist us with her light.

We cannot observe Nature, without perceiving that a valuable simplicity prevails through all her laws. We may then form an idea of the impression which is made upon the brain, by that made upon the organs of the senses, which are as it were the branches of it. An object which is agreeable, exercises the fibres

agreeable an impression from those qualities, which constitute the beauty of the mind, body, or soul, when, at the same time, we do not perceive those secret relations to utility, which constitute their genuine worth? The source of this pleasure flows indubitably from the infinite wisdom of the Supreme Author of Nature, who has formed us in such a manner, that notwithstanding that self-love, which causes disagreements among men, yet they are members of the same body. Their felicities, as well as their misfortunes, are frequent, unless obstructed by their peculiar dispositions. Persons of delicate constitutions cannot behold others with fractured limbs, without a tender sympathy for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures; and though this impres-



sion may not be felt so sensibly by robust persons, even they, in some degree, must feel it also.

Life, filled with Grief's distressful train,  
For ever asks the tear humane.

---

O, for that sympathetic glow,  
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

Painful sensations are not the only ones; which disperse themselves by a kind of infection ; as we find from experience, that a lively humour and a cheerful disposition also impart similar feelings to those who come into our company.

In consequence of this, it is plain that the beauties of the body, of ideas, and of

the soul, make a pleasing impression on the spectator ; because they rouse in his brain a motion which tends to communicate them to him, and will succeed, if not resisted, by particular dispositions.

It has been said, that geometry has the principal direction in the formation of the heavens ; and we say, that harmony has been the chief tutoress in the construction of our brain. What ecstasy ! what emotions are not excited by certain tunes ! How much are we inspired with the love of dancing by music ! How astonishing its power in the cure of certain disorders ! This exercise of the brain, which so closely resembles that of the chords of an instrument, plainly shews that our brains are in reality a sort of instrument, supplied with chords com-

posed of many nervous fibres of different tensions, and in course susceptible of a variety of vibrations. They impart their motions by the aid of the eyes and ears; and this they do with more ease, in proportion as they contain a greater number of chords, which act in concert together, as some of the chords are stronger and more able to move than others.

There are some souls, which engage each other with greater power than the loadstone does steel; and nothing can excel that facility, which those who love have in communicating their ideas to each other. Their brains seem to be tuned in unison.

**Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine  
Deep felt in these appear!**

There are others to whom nature seems to have given a kind of supremacy over the rest of mankind. By this means those of this class reduce men of the most heroic courage, as likewise the most powerful princes, to a state of abject slavery. It was the power of this charm which enabled Mahomet to defeat the constitution of Arabia, which he new-modelled at his pleasure. History informs us, that his dependents soon imbibed his sentiments. The fibres of their brains, susceptible of a similar and equal sprightly emotion, easily awakened a homogeneous sensation in the brains of those with whom they conversed.

But from mechanism does it proceed, that the vibrations of the fibres of the

brain have a power to transmit themselves to that of another person? The ingenious hypothesis of M. De Mairan, upon the communication of sounds, throws some light upon this mystery. Sounds reach us because there are certain fibres in sonorous bodies, together with parcels of air, the fibres of the ear, and lastly, those of the brain, which form a constant chain of chords which impart their motion to each other. Since the motions of the body, the colour of the face, and the disposition of the eye, point out to others the peculiar state of our minds, have we not reason to conclude there is a chain with chords in unison, which convey to and from one brain the vibrations of the fibres of another?

All nature, is but art unknown to thee;  
All chance, direction, which thou can'st not see;  
All discord, harmony, not understood;  
All partial evil, universal good;  
And spite of pride, in erring reason spite,  
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.

It is from this secret relation, which the dispositions of our brains have to each other; that sympathy arises, and all our capricious tastes, which cause us to find out a singular pleasure in some objects, that others are entire strangers to. What pleases us most, is not always the best for us. If misfortune corrodes the mind, then only gloomy solitude, where joy never approaches, can impart a ray of comfort to the unhappy sufferer. No object makes a more agreeable impression, than that which excites in the fibres

of the brain such vibrations as correspond with those of the soul. These are sensations which produce her a particular satisfaction.

There is not any thing in the universe appears so trifling as a new-born infant; yet it is the most delightful of all objects, particularly to those that gave it birth: still this peculiar pleasure is not attached to the person of the child. It is only in poems and romances that we find instances of a discerning instinct of the parent, for it is indubitably certain, the most affectionate mother will embrace as her own son, one who has been put in his place. It appears then, that the tenderness of parents derives its origin from the particular formation of their brain, the

structure of which is so incomparably contrived, that they cannot without rapture behold the offspring of their love, formed of their own substance, which nature has put under their jurisdiction, from whom, when worn out with age or affliction, they have a right to expect that support which they gave to its helpless infancy—who is destined to inherit their name, their fortune, their ideas, and affections.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

In order to finish this slight sketch, which I have given, relating to the physical nature of sensations, I shall at pre-



sent endeavour to trace out that peculiar part of the brain, which is the seat of pleasure and pain, which receives the impression from adjoining objects, and consequently acts upon our organs. This part must have firmness and vigour, since the characters impressed there cannot be effaced for a space of years. This nervous membrane must hold and touch the utmost part of every nerve relating to sensation, in order to receive all the various impressions of it: it must at the same time have an influence over the origin of every nerve subordinate to motion, to be capable to communicate such motions as are adapted to the vibrations which it feels. All these different marks seem to be joined in the membrane, called by anatomists, the *pia mater*, which includes

the whole mass of the brain is strongly adherent to it, and by a number of foldings and duplications, yields many waving partitions, which penetrate into all the adjacent parts, and make their way into all the various seats of the brain.



## INTELLECTUAL.

*Of the modifications of the brain, which  
go before or accompany any pleasing  
sensation.*

---

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,  
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound.

---

ALL agreeable sensations may be reduced to two different classes. One consists of the munificence of nature, which conveys consonant sensations prior to all consideration which may be reputed, not only the pleasures of the senses, but also those of the heart and imagination, the beauty of the body, mind, and soul, and all that

## SENTIMENTS.

change of pleasing objects, which glitter so conspicuously throughout the works of nature and art. They are united to whatever exercises the organs of our abilities without tiring them. It is to these organs that we are indebted every moment for our preservation ; and it is of the utmost weight to us, that pleasure should discern whatever conduces to promote this exercise of the fibres and motion of the fluids.

The other class is made up of those, which spring from our way of thinking, and cease upon the diversity of our ideas. One man aims openly at independency ; another is content to obey, because by this means he thinks he shall arrive at command. One man delights in storing up riches,



which become useless to him ; another squanders away in a few years an estate, which ought to have supported him through life. This ascendancy, which our thoughts have over our pleasures, is the principal characteristic of the human species.

Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays,  
Those painted clouds that beautify our days,  
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,  
And each vacuity of sense by Pride ;  
These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy,  
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy,  
One prospect lost, another still we gain,  
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ;  
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,  
The scale to measure other's wants by thine ;  
See! and confess one comfort still must rise,  
'Tis this—though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

At our first entrance into life, we in general pursue that particular sensation, which is most agreeable to us ; but in a short time being instructed by experience, we find that there are pleasures which follow pain, as well as pains which follow pleasure. This makes us aspire at having sensations truly valuable, and attaining qualities which we esteem most. Thus we form ideas of happiness and perfection, which blind us to every other advantage. The faculty which we possess, of applying these two important ideas to different objects, frequently proves destructive ; yet it would have been doing a remarkable injury to man, to have made him insensible to the impressions which they make upon him.

They console us in afflictions, they give us courage to encounter difficulties, and strew the path with flowers they invite us to pursue: to them we are indebted for our most refined pleasures, all that conduces to the peace and honour of society, the arts and sciences, and all the virtues—nay, even our preservation. Animals need only take hold of the sustenance which is offered them; but man grows up in the most extreme indigence, without raiment, shelter, and almost without any other aliment than what his labour can procure.

The most expedient resource is, by reflecting on the time elapsed, to be able to make provision for futurity. The

ideas of perfection and felicity are the springs which move us to this requisite foresight, and consequently should employ all our different abilities.



*Of the relation which the laws of sensation  
have to our preservation.*

---

Make fair deductions ; see to what they mount ;  
How much of other each is sure to cost ;  
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;  
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;  
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease.  
Think : and if still such things thy envy call,  
Say, would'st thou be the man to whom they fall ?  
To sigh for ribbands, if thou art so silly,  
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.  
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?  
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.  
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
The wisest, brightest—meanest of mankind.  
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,  
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame.  
If all united thy ambition call,  
From ancient story—learn to scorn them all,

---

HAVING endeavoured to explain the laws  
of sensation, I shall now notice some-

thing rather singular, that is, the variety of tastes, which all flow from the same origin. We may venture to say, that the northern and southern nations, those who are divided but by an arm of the sea, or by a ridge of mountains, nay, men and women born in the same family, will have quite different pleasures. What to the eyes, ears, and minds of some will be agreeable, is to others a punishment.

The variety of organs is the reason of this. Thus it is, that an eye of tender and delicate fibres prefers violet to an orange colour. Why? because violet is a colour consisting of weaker rays; while orange is preferred by those whose eyes are of a more solid and stronger substance.

Sounds that are displeasing to a delicate people, are not so to a rugged nation.

Nature has perhaps more diversified our brains than the organs of our senses. Thus among the people of the south, an agreeable declamation ought to be more enlivened than among those of the north, because it must be adapted to a more cheerful sensation.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,  
And Pride, bestow'd on all, a common friend;  
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,  
Hope travels through, nor quit us when we die.

The limits of our knowledge are also other causes for the strangeness of our tastes.

Some are struck with the beauties which really exist in an object, while others give up to the impression made by the privation of some beauties in it.

The Egyptians chiefly admired grandeur and magnificence in their works of architecture; the Goths were fond of variety. But our architects have found the pleasing art of joining both together, and forming an agreeable proportion.

As it is with music, so it is with architecture. Some value only bold and elevated pieces of music; others again are most delighted with an exact imitation of nature; but an eminent musician admits both kinds into his composition. He has the art of giving a just softness to the

most jarring sounds, so as to make them produce the most delightful harmony; but what he principally aspires at, is to excite sensations; and he thinks he has not arrived at the perfection of his art, till he knows how to conquer the soul as well as flatter the ear.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
Not one will change his neighbour with himself;  
The learn'd is happy nature to explore;  
The fool is happy that he knows no more;  
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n;  
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n:  
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
The sot a hero, lunatic, a king,  
The starving chymist in his golden views  
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

Happy are those nations where men of  
such wonderful abilities rise up, who can

perceive and make use of all these various sorts of beauties, and join them together in a just proportion ! We may say that Nature, with a penurious hand, has dispersed such geniuses far distant from each other in the progress of ages. Their works, which are founded upon the most refined taste, infuse the same delicacy into a whole people : they become the ensigns of comparison ; and it frequently happens that an object, which before engaged our admiration, loses all its charms, and grows insipid, according to the Italian proverb, “ That the greatest enemy to any thing that is good, is what is best.”

Bring some warm water to two persons, one of whom we shall suppose to be full of heat, the other pierced with cold ;

the same water will feel warm to the one, and cold to the other. The laws of sensation are the same in both, but the standard of their comparison is different; the one forms his opinion of the quality of the water from the cold in his hand, the other from the heat of his.

The dispositions of the heart likewise cause a disagreement in our tastes. Envy, that tenebrious lover, hates the living, and occasions artists to depreciate each other. On the other hand, if the rival is not contemporary, or of the same country with us, then he avoids the darts of envy.

---

Men that make

Envy and crooked malice nourishment,

Dare bite the best.

Ambition also is sometimes concerned in deciding the fame of artists, as well as that of their works. The Romans only valued those talents, which enabled them to become commanders in the commonwealth, or to triumph over the adjoining nations; so that those same pictures and statues which struck a Grecian with admiration, appeared to a Roman quite low and insignificant.

Such is the effect of those passions which possess the soul, that they throw an air of deformity upon whatever is not adapted to the end which they pursue.

It sometimes happens that our religious principles have an ascendancy over



our tastes. All pious Mussulmen look upon the most perfect statues to be as so many dangerous idols.

*Where the reason is enquired into, why the laws of sensation, being the same in all men, there should yet be such a diversity in tastes.*

---

Above, how high progressive life may go!  
Around, how wide! how deep extend below.  
Vast chain of being! which from God began,  
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man.

---

As soon as mankind came to a knowledge of anatomy, they perceived that the size and strength of each muscle was in proportion to that of the bone to which it was united.

The Epicureans, in reply to this, say, that these muscles were not different in their nature, and that those which had the most exercise became the most muscular, in the same manner as those men who endure most labour are in general most strong. This is the poor shelter of atheism, and the only one too. Galen, with ease, proved the falsity of it: he made it clear that infants, taken from the mother's womb, had these proportions perceivable in them as well as the most athletic wrestlers.

The variety of agreeable sensations furnish us with incontrovertible proofs for the existence of a God.

They are distinguished by natural cha-

racters, to attribute the motive of which to a blind chance would be the highest absurdity.

Why is it, that in the productions of art, the connection which all the parts bear to the end gives us no pleasure till we are qualified for it by instruction, while, at the same time, by a hidden charm, which is antecedent to all our reflections, we are at once made sensible of the beauty in the structure of man, animals, and plants? Can we believe that the Author of Nature is himself ignorant of what he makes known to us? Can we deny intelligence to the incomprehensible Creator of the universe, who has environed us with so many pleasing objects, which are as numerous characteristics en-

graved by his munificent hand, and help to point out to us that secret relation, which is kept up between man and all other parts of the creation ?

O, magnificence divine !

O, wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call

From a few causes such a scheme of things,

Effects so various, beautiful, and great,

An universe complete !

These characters are more or less eminent, according to the importance of what they proclaim to us. Amid all the objects which are presented to our senses, there are none which make a more delightful impression than a handsome face, but the most regular features do not touch us so much as the beauties of a fine ge-

nus ; again, these are greatly eclipsed by the superior lustre of noble actions and refined sentiments, which discover a genuine sublimity of soul.

The beauty of the body has the advantage of being always before our eyes, while that of the mind and soul does not display itself but at particular times ; but whenever these different objects are presented to us, and that passion does not obstruct a proper view of them, then the pleasure arising will be agreeable to that disposition and order which I have observed : and thus it is, that practice confirms what nature teaches us, that the beauty of a lively genius gives more right to happiness than that of the body ; yet at the same time it is greatly inferior to that

of the soul. It sometimes happens by our peculiar dispositions, that the beauty of the body makes a more forcible impression than that of the mind or soul. Then it is an attraction which invites us to procure a kind of immortality. The omnific Author of Nature looked upon the preservation of our species to be an object more worthy his care, than the singular superiority of any individual.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

That infinite wisdom, which has so admirably distinguished the beauty of the body, the imagination, and the soul, has also diversified their motions, those of the ideas being more consonant than those of

the body ; on the other hand, they are greatly inferior to those of the soul.

There is still another variation in our pleasures, which proclaims aloud that there is an omniscient Power. Agreeable smells, the charms of music, oratory, geometry, architecture, history, and the pleasures of a select company, all these are of such a nature, that the fruition of them gives pleasure, while the being debarred of them gives no real pain. They are not supplies to our necessary wants, they are only graceful embellishments, which contribute to enrich and augment our happiness. How many are there, who are perfect strangers to them, and yet enjoy a life of peace. Even those who are most sensible of these pleasures,



can with ease give them up for others. It is not so with other sorts of agreeable sensations. Thus, for example, the law of nature, which invites us to nourish ourselves, not only requites us for our compliance, but chastises us if we do not obey her voice.

The munificent Creator of Nature has not thought it sufficient to entice us by a particular pleasure, to be cautious of our preservation, but he incites us by a more powerful motive, which is pain.

He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,  
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,  
Observe how system into system runs,  
What other planets circle other suns,  
What varied beings people ev'ry star,  
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.

His propitious care is apparent, even in the different continuance of these various sensations. Those which affect our sight, hearing, imagination, or heart, as well as those which accompany a temperate exercise, appear to be always before us. They fill up life, without being hurtful to health. It is not the same with that pleasure which is annexed to nourishment. Had it gone farther than the satisfying nature, then an excessive use of the most salutary food might have become the most destructive poison.

Amidst the diversity of pleasures, there are none more conspicuous than that of a new-born infant. How is it to be nourished? In vain would nature have supplied the mother's breast with milk, had

she not enabled the child to extract this requisite aliment. The infant, as yet unable of any other exercise of its faculties, pleases itself with moving its cheeks and lips, in such a manner as to give a passage into the mouth for the nutriment when offered, the agreeable taste of which becomes a new enticement to renew those motions. It passes away the commencement of life in sleep, or in the fruition of the only pleasures which it can feel; so that this weak being, which at first seems to be in a state of misery, in reality lives among a series of pleasing sensations.

Pleas'd, I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,  
Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread  
Soft vernal fragrance.

The same omnific Being, who is author of our felicity, is also of our pains.

In respect to the Author of the laws of sensation, two different questions may be asked—Is he omniscient? Is he munificent? Now then, if we do not examine these two questions separately and distinctly, or if we deny him to be an intelligent being, because he may not have been beneficent in proportion to our wishes, this would be to offer an outrage to the first laws of the art of thinking. Let us not then confuse these questions, but consider them apart.

We know by experience, that there are obscure reasons, such as have no purpose; and also intelligent causes, which

pursue a final end through all the various parts of their works. We discern them by the nature of their productions, since the accurate relation, which all the parts bear to the chief end is the characteristic of an intelligent cause.

This true relation shines conspicuously through all the laws of sensation. Pleasure and pain equally conduce to support our preservation. The one helps to mark out what is most pleasing to our nature; the other makes us know what is prejudicial.

There is a certain agreeable impression, which points out such aliments as are proper to be changed into our substance, while hunger and thirst put us

in mind, that perspiration and exercise make a material waste in our bodies, and how hazardous it would be to defer long the reparation of this loss. Let us imagine, for a moment, that we had no painful sensation to give us information of our present or future calamities, we should then discover that the want of this pain would shortly make way for death.

————— Why shrinks the soul

Back on herself, and startles at destruction !

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;

'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity ! thou pleasing—dreadful thought !

Through what variety of untry'd being,

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass.

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

There are nerves extended through the whole of our bodies, which assist to acquaint us with what is beneficial and what is injurious. The painful sensation is in proportion to the force of what affects the nerves, so that according to the magnitude of the evil, we make so much the more haste to remove the cause and seek the remedy.

Sometimes it happens that pain is not previous to our maladies, but at once increases with our destruction. Nothing, then, which surrounds us can obstruct its approach. It is with the laws of sensation, as with those of motion. The laws of motion adjust the sequence of those alterations, which happen in bodies: in like manner, the laws of sensation regu-

late the succession of changes, which happen in animated beings ; and those pains which seem of no use, are often necessary consequences, which flow from the incidents of our situation. But though these different laws may in some particulars appear to be of no service, still it is a less inconvenience than it would be, to imagine them constantly subject to change, since this admits no determined principle qualified to superintend the government of men or animals.

The intention of these general laws is not to make all individuals immortal ; it is only to preserve the different species. Now, it is visible that the laws of sensation, as well as of motion, are exactly calculated for this preservation. Those of



motion at all times, and in all places, furnish the different kind of animals with whatever is useful or requisite: those of sensation mark out whatever is consonant to their nature, and invite them to seek for such, while they instruct them in whatever is hurtful, and compel them to remove and keep at a distance every thing of this sort.

Let us (since life can little more supply,

Than just to look about us, and to die)

Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man;

A mighty maze! but not without a plan.

What an inscrutable abyss is the knowledge of the incomprehensible Author of Nature, who, in so stupendous a manner, incessantly varies the scene of the universe, yet preserves it the same!

See Heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day !  
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;  
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine  
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !

The laws of sensation not only conspire with the works of the whole universe, in affirming that there is an omnipotent cause ; but they also prove to us the illimitable goodness of our plenipotent Creator.

The plenitude of his infinite goodness is manifest, by the care he has taken to provide us with what is necessary, and likewise with what is convenient and

agreeable: this beneficent care blazons forth in transcendant lustre through all the laws of sensation. And here it may be justly observed, that in such impressions of objects or exercises of our different faculties, as are in any degree suited to lengthen our existence, or exalt our perfection, our benign Creator has distributed pleasure with a copious hand.

To confirm this observation, I refer to those pleasing sensations which arise from painting, architecture, sculpture, and all the objects of sight. It is the same with poetry, eloquence, astronomy, and all the sciences, amusements, and employments of life: it is the same with love, friendship, tenderness, and in fact all the motions of the body, mind, and heart.

Such is the inconceptible beneficence of an Almighty Divinity, that he seems to have been not only bountiful, but exuberant, of all those pleasures and delightful sensations, which were conformable with his inexhaustible wisdom.

*The laws of sensations are the work of a  
munificent and intelligent Power.*

---

——— “ Tell me, ye shining hosts,  
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,  
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,  
If from your elevation, whence ye view  
Distinctly, scenes invisible to man,  
And systems of whose birth no tidings yet  
Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race  
Favour'd as ours, transgressors from the womb,  
And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,  
And to possess a brighter heav'n than yours ?  
As one who, long detain'd on foreign shores,  
Pants to return ; and when he sees afar  
His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks,

From the green wave emerging, darts an eye  
Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;  
So I with animated hopes behold,  
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,  
That shew like beacons in the blue abyss,  
Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home,  
From toilsome life to never-ending rest,  
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires  
That give assurance of their own success,  
And that, infus'd from heav'n, must thither tend."

---

It has been said of Admiration, that she was the daughter of Ignorance ; but when we view the works of nature, and see such marks of art and activity, we cannot help being filled with admiration, which in general increases in proportion to our understanding.

A God so immensely wise ought unquestionably to incite our admiration: a Deity of such indefatigable goodness, ought certainly to inspire us with unfeigned gratitude, and engage our sole confidence and unalterable affection.

Epicurus, by endeavouring to confute the existence of a Divine Being, imagined he did well in attempting to refute a supreme power, that to him appeared to be an enemy to our happiness. Presumptuous man! to form so erroneous an idea of his Creator, a Being who has surrounded us on all sides with consonant sensations—who has furnished us with a variety of faculties, and contrived them in such a manner, that the exercise of them is accompanied by a pleasure which

tends to our preservation ! Are we to undervalue those blessings, because they are the gifts of an all-creating Power ? No, we ought to set the most intrinsic esteem upon them, since they are as so many pledges of his liberality towards us. In fine, when we consider the power, the knowledge and goodness of our God, ought we not to bear with patience every affliction he is pleased to send us, and with joy resign those comforts which he thinks proper to deprive us of ? Nor ought we to repine against the laws which he has prescribed for us.

Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,  
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy !  
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame ;  
But thou, O God ! for ever shine the same.



Shall empty man dare to rebel against the Author of his existence? Arrogant thought ! let us not augment our misfortunes, by striving our utmost, but weak unavailing efforts, against an Almighty Power.

Ye Heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r.

Desire is nourished by hope, but dies when there is no possibility of obtaining its object. Is there any one in Europe, who can be so inconsistent as to complain that he has not been seated on the throne of the Great Mogul ? Let us not weary ourselves with ineffectual wishes, nor allow our temper to be ruffled concerning the want of any thing, which is

not part of that happiness destined for us; let us look upon the acquirement of such to be as impracticable to be attained as the kingdom of Asia. If we submit ourselves to the power of our all-potent Creator, then we have the internal comfort to know, that if we were allowed to enter into his councils, we should magnify the motive of his laws, and be filled with inexpressible delight, on the contemplation of his unconceivable power and ineffable wisdom.

——— Mysterious word !

Which who so sees, no longer wanders lost  
With intellects bemaz'd in endless doubt,  
But runs the road of wisdom.

According to Spinoza and Epicurus,

the world seems to be nothing but a mingled collection of works, proceeding from an opaque cause ; but to men of virtue and knowledge it is an illustrious temple, inhabited by an intransmutable divinity, who has communicated to them part of his intent, and shewn them the amazing works of his fathomless wisdom ; who abundantly bestows upon them whatever is requisite, useful, or agreeable, and to all the blessings which he has showered upon them, he has also annexed the prospect of eternal felicity indeminently with himself.

—— But I lose myself in him,

In light ineffable.

Come then, expressive silence ! muse his praise.

*Of the pleasure, which accompanies the  
performance of our duties towards God.*

---

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;  
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;  
A judge is just ; a chancellor juster still ;  
A gownman learn'd ; a bishop—what you will ;  
Wise, if a minister ; but if a king,  
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing.

---

THE duties prescribed by moral philosophy, in respect to ourselves, may be brought under two heads : to know how to set a true value upon the goods which are offered to us, and to bear our calamities with fortitude.

There was a sect of philosophers, who seemed to wish to extirpate all pleasures. Their schools resounded with nothing but the rigid lesson of "Refrain from pleasure." But why so, since Necessity herself in a manner obliges us to enjoy them, either when we satisfy our hunger, or quench our thirst? In all our employments and diversions we cannot help feeling pleasure: in retirement as well as society. Are we then to condemn those blessings so closely connected with life? Ought we not rather with gratitude to rejoice in the possession of them.

Yet I venture to affirm, that pleasure springs from the bosom of Virtue. An inward satisfaction always accompanies

every employment that is suited to our abilities and rank. Relaxations are most agreeable when procured by labour and exercise.

Among all the representations presented to us by history or tragedy, none are more delightful than those, in which the beauty of the soul shines forth with all its lucent brilliance. A friendship which arises from virtue, excites the most lively pleasure ; and amid all the pleasing advantages which proceed from a social affection, there can be none more noble than that, which makes us fix our esteem upon the most worthy qualities of the person, who is the object of our regard, which adjusts our tastes, unites our views, and makes our interests reciprocal.

Virtue is far from excluding pleasures; she only gives the preference to those which are most deserving. Here occurs an important question—Whether the pleasures of the senses are superior to those of the soul?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,  
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy.

To determine this point, let us imagine them divided from each other, and thus carried to the summit of their perfection; let us suppose that a being, insensible of the pleasures of the mind, should taste those of the body throughout its whole continuance, and being destitute of all understanding, recollects nothing of those pleasures which it has

felt, nor foresees any which it is to enjoy. Thus being shut up as it were in a shell, all its happiness consists in a kind of blind and deaf sensation, which only affects it for the present moment. On the contrary, let us imagine that a man is insensible to all the pleasures of the senses, while he enjoys all those of the mind and heart, that in a life of solitude, history, geometry, and the polite arts, display to his sight the opulence of their wealth; and while in this retreat incessantly give him new proofs of his power and extent of mind; if he lives in society, that friendship and praise, the natural concomitants of virtue, continually supply him with fresh instances of the sublimity and beauty of his soul; and by his exact at-



menaced with the loss of any other possession.

It is this idea of perfection, which has rendered the Indians insensible to the terrors of burning themselves alive ; it is this, which has precipitated men rashly into the jaws of death, captivated with the prospect of immortal renown by such heroism. It is a sort of idol, to which, in order to wipe off an insult received, we frequently immolate our country, repose, employments, and life. In fine, love itself, which seems to rely entirely upon the senses, is indebted to fancy for the most refined pleasures.

————— God proclaims

His hot displeasure against foolish men

That live an atheist life ; involves the heav'n

In tempests ; quits his grasp upon the winds,  
And gives them all their fury ; bids a plague  
Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,  
And putrefy the breath of blooming health :  
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend  
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,  
And taints the golden ear : he springs his mines,  
And desolates a nation at a blast.

All those things which agreeably flatter us are not equally estimable. To aspire at gaining the regard of others, without having our inward approbation, is in truth the same thing as if we were satisfied with being sick, on condition that we had the external appearance of being in health.

Nature has not confided it to reason only, to make known to us this moment-

happiness which remains, and is become completely wretched, by the loss of that which was in reality useless. One man places his happiness in accumulated riches; another in the nobility of his lineage; a third centres his whole felicity in an affectionate wife, or the smiles of his prince: Death, with an envious grasp, has snatched away his treasure, and robbed him of his favourite delight, the loss of which has made a chasm in his heart, that has eclipsed every other blessing which surrounded him.

Here lies the great—False marble! where?

Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here!

True it is, that these phantoms of perfection, proceeding from an imagination

transported by ambition or love, may sometimes produce a fleeting pleasure more lively than that solid joy, which is ever attendant on reason. But this transitory sensation is of the same nature with that, which makes drinking more agreeable in a fever than in health. It imagines a disease in the soul, from whence springs an uneasiness in pursuit of the object of desire, disgust in the fruition, and despair in the privation.

It is not only in the external proofs of perfection that we find a kind of happiness, since it likewise consists in the consciousness of possessing it.

But among all these agreeable enjoyments, which present themselves to us,

are we to relinquish those which give the greatest pleasure? No, the same sensations repeated too often soon blunt the sensitive faculty; abhorrence and distaste, proceed from the very bosom of pleasure; so that what a short time before gave us the most enraptured joy, becomes the object of our aversion. How are we then to defend ourselves against such formidable enemies? We can do it no other way than by diffusing a variety through all the employments of our faculties; for this gives an air of novelty to the objects of our taste. The pleasures of the mind, and those of the body, rest, and motion, retirement, society, relaxations, and serious employments, all these acquire new charms by succeeding each other, and their variety produces the same effect in

life, as the difference of concords in harmony.

Say, to what purpose was our reason giv'n?

Reason, the greatest, noblest gift of Heav'n!

In our different faculties, we have a secret store of valuable seeds which become torpid, if not carefully nourished; but if cultivated by the arts and sciences, they spring up and flourish. The more these are brought to light, the more we are supplied with preservatives against the attacks of our passions, as well as expedients to make life agreeable.

A certain poet, by way of allegory, mentions that Jupiter had opened at the foot of his throne two fountains, the one

of pleasure, the other of pain; and agreeable to his will mixed these two liquors, and thus decided the happiness or misfortune of each man, in proportion to the nature of the mixture. May we not with some propriety apply this fiction to the different sorts of consonant sensations? The idea of our perfection, and the successive exercise of our various abilities, are two springs incessantly flowing with different pleasures. A judicious and munificent Providence mixes these valuable liquors in equal proportion in favour of the wise man, and continually pours them out upon him.

Then let us not place our principal happiness in wealth and magnificence. There is no rank of life wherein it is not

in our power to form a chain of agreeable sensations, by procuring to ourselves a sequence of virtuous exercises, and keep our faculties in motion without fatiguing them. Those are only happy, who, possessing the goods of fortune, can make themselves content in the privation of them. That man in reality enjoys genuine happiness, who limits his wishes within the circle of real wants, and grasps at nothing out of his reach ; but when the human heart goes beyond those confines assigned by nature, it loses itself in an immense ocean, where fortune frolics in the gay bewitching phantoms displayed to it ; and if once the mind is captivated by them, we shall find no bounds adequate to stop the rapidity of our desires.



O guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare,  
With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,  
The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,  
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

Health, strength of body, and a keen appetite, appear to be the portion of indigence. As also the pleasures of the mind, friendship and affection, peace of soul, joy, and inward satisfaction, are more frequently found in a middle rank than in the stately mansions of royalty. What then are the principal advantages of opulence and grandeur? They consist in having our self-love flattered by the elegant structure of our houses, the magnificence of our furniture and equipage, and the power we have of commanding over others. We may undoubtedly be happy in these advantages, but we are

greatly to be pitied, if we stand in need of these deluded marks of perfection. They are like fragrant perfumes or concerts: to enjoy them is agreeable, but it is the greatest misfortune not to be able to bear the want of them.

I envy none their pageantry and show ;  
I envy none the gilding of their woe.  
Give me, indulgent Gods ! with mind serene,  
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene :  
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,  
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there.  
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,  
The scene is ravish'd, and the soul is blest ;  
On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,  
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows :  
But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,  
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still ;  
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom,  
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.

Wisdom not only drives away melancholy and chagrin, but guards against that pain, which in good constitutions generally arises from excess; and when she cannot possibly prevent it, at least blunts the edge of its impression, which requires vigour in proportion as there is less courage to oppose it.

A Grecian general, celebrated for having made one of the most illustrious retreats, assures us that the same degree of fatigue is not so hard to the general as to the common soldier. The ambition of the former carries half the burthen; the latter bears the whole upon his shoulders.

Say, who is he, aloft in air,

Sublime upon his iron car,

Who bids the trembling world prepare,

For hardihood and deeds of war?

The Indians have shewn a cheerfulness in the midst of the most excruciating pains. So much are they master of their minds, as to be able to divert their attention from the situation which gives them torture, and place it upon some imagination which flatters them. Is it impracticable, that reason and virtue should learn from ambition and prejudice in the same manner, to weaken the impression of pain by agreeable sensations ?

*Of the pleasure, which accompanies the performance of our duties to ourselves.*

---

Know Nature's children all divide her care,  
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear :  
While man exclaims, " See all things for my use,"  
" See man for mine !" replies a pamper'd goose.  
And just as short of reason he must fall,  
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

---

THERE are two other species of maxims, in the observance of which the happiness of mankind is interested. The former are as it were the essential laws of society.

Were these to be universally broken through, all men would be inwrapped in one general misery. Such are those which compose what is called the law of nations:—To injure none and to fulfil the engagements you have entered into. It is unjust and declaratory of our enmity to mankind to infringe those laws, unless when the interest of the public gives us a sanction to do so.

The second are those maxims, which are less the foundation than the ornaments of society. Though they are not absolutely requisite to support it, yet they procure it all the perfection of which it is susceptible. Such are those, which command us to assist the distressed and contribute all that is in our power, to pro-

mote the felicity of our neighbours. If we observe these rules, we then shall be benevolent, and in a manner become the preservers of our fellow-creatures.

These different axioms are comprised in this precept:—Love your neighbour as yourself—that is, be equitable and benevolent. This is what morality enjoins us to perform, and the theory of sensation advises us to the same.

The victims of iniquity are not the only sufferers: as an adder, it rends the bosom of the person who harbours it. It owes its birth to an excessive desire of riches and dignity, and produces sorrow and discontent. If the unjust man should flatter himself that he may escape the

punishment of man, or the equity of God, yet he must certainly lament that he has placed his happiness or perfection in the possession of such fleeting objects, which depend upon the will of others, and leave him at the disposal of capricious fortune.

Can wild Ambition's tyrant power,  
Or ill-got Wealth's superfluous store,  
The dread of death controul ?

Arrogance and interest not only subject our happiness to things without us, but by waging a secret war on all around us, sow in our hearts the seeds of general hatred, which weaken or suppress those of benevolence and friendship. Now if it is true, that every degree of benefi-



viduals: the laws are the guardians of their property, their honour, and their lives. What does it avail them to be dreaded? But it is highly momentous, and indispensably agreeable to them to be loved. The love of others is often of great use to us, and is always accompanied with marks of friendship and esteem, which in general are more pleasing than the favours conferred on us. It has been said of panegyric, that it is to the person to whom it is offered, the most pleasing music; and I venture to predicate, that there is nothing more consonant to the mind, than to be beloved.

It is by equity and beneficence that we procure this satisfaction. Arrogance and injustice, cause aversion; if feeble

and impotent, they become the objects of disdain: if joined to power, then they are hated by us. They endeavour to establish happiness on the ruin of others: when on the contrary, virtue, by reconciling our own happiness with that of others, makes our private advantage their common good. We may form some idea of this by that interest, which we cannot help having in favour of those virtuous persons produced in tragedy upon our theatres.

Most true it is, that the appearance of virtue may produce this effect, as well as Virtue herself; yet we cannot say of her what has been said of Love: it is almost impossible to make the counterfeit pass current for any time. The only way to seem just and benevolent is to be really so.

O come, and o'er my bosom reign,  
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,  
Thro' ev'ry action shine.

Let us suppose a man, who, being hated by all his acquaintance, in return he hates them equally. All the objects around him become offensive to his sight, and the motions excited in his heart give him pain. On the other hand, let us consider the just benevolent man, who rejoices in the love and esteem of all who know him. His life is one uninterrupted act of benevolence, and all the objects presented to him become agreeable. The motions raised in his heart are so many pleasures. Such undoubtedly is the state of those unbodied mortals who are fled to the celestial mansions of eternal felicity,

and whose happy souls are incessantly occupied in the exercise of munificence; which, while on earth, was their whole delight, and even then seemed in some degree to recompence their virtue by that secret satisfaction, which always accompanies the practice of it.

There is nothing more rare to be found than a man completely unjust or perfectly benevolent. Between these two extremes there lies an immense ocean, where the greater part of mankind fluctuate. The more our hearts are inclined to hatred, the nearer we approach to complete misery; and the more we have of benevolence, the nearer we arrive at true happiness.

Thro' Friendship's fair enchanting walls  
Unfading myrtles bloom.

It may be said, how can we avoid hating those who injure us in our interest or reputation? Though an attempt of this nature may be difficult, yet what should we have a greater regard for than our happiness? And can we obtain it if we cherish hatred in our hearts? Then let us be as active to extirpate it from our breasts, as we often are in vindicating what is right.

May it not happen, that those whom we complain of may have founded their conduct with respect to us upon just reasons? Then why should we hate them, since their behaviour has been such as most

probably ours would have been in the similar situation? But should they unjustly accuse us, we ought to pity their frailty, in nourishing within their breasts a sure principle of pain and disgust. Indeed we should consider them as persons in a raging fever, who imagine they shall cure themselves by wounding every one that comes near them. Let us arm ourselves against their pernicious attacks, but not punish ourselves by giving way to passions which disturb the peace of our souls.

Good name in man and woman  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse, steals trash:  
'Tis something—nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

Notwithstanding these sentiments of humanity which we owe to mankind in general, there are also particular duties arising from the several stations in which Providence has placed us. They may be divided to this general plan—to act to our superiors, inferiors, and equals, as we would wish they would do to us. Let this be the rule of our conduct; and if we strictly fulfil those duties, it will be a means to procure us the esteem, confidence, and affection of all our acquaintance, and must inspire them with the most sincere sentiments of benevolence towards us.

Amid all the duties which arise from the different connexions in life, there are none which have more the resemblance

of being superior to human nature, than that of invariable friendship. It demands us to sacrifice our most important interests in behalf of our friend, and to look upon him as the better part of ourselves. From this there flows a source of redundant delight, and those duties which at first seem so difficult to perform, find, in the accomplishment, exquisite pleasure, and consummate satisfaction.

There have been celebrated authors who have maintained, that in the intercourse of friendship we lose more than we gain. They say it is a kind of extension of ourselves, which exposes us to wretchedness, not only in our own persons but also in others. This, in my



idea, denotes utter ignorance of the power of love.

Love is jealous of his power,  
Confess betimes the influence of a God.

Virtue is of such a nature, that the interest true friends feel for each other is so singular, that it augments their joys and decreases their sorrows; even the reciprocal sadness of real friends is to them a pleasing sensation, which they would not exchange for the most enchanting delights.

Come sacred friendship, exert thy softest power,  
Perfect esteem, and sympathy of soul;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence: for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

If it is true that benevolence alone can make us happy, whence comes it that the greater part of mankind seem inclined to hatred, malice, and injustice? The chief cause of this confusion is the false impression, which riches and opulence make upon us by the delusive shew of exterior grandeur. How often the head that wears the imperial diadem conceals a heart oppressed with woe. Too frequently might the splendid courtier envy the lot of the lowly clown. We make an erroneous estimate of perfect happiness, and in place of exercising our abilities and conducting ourselves towards others in such a manner, as to inspire us with ideas which are adapted to our nature and accommodated to our felicity, we fly with impetuous wings to gain the empty shadow, so by

our fancies we immolate every thing,  
which proves an obstruction to those un-  
defined desires.

Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

*Of the happiness united to virtue.*

---

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel),  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

---

Wisdom and Fortune, combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it.

---

HEALTH, riches, and pleasure, become evils when we know not how to make a proper use of them. Wisdom alone merits the name of goodness, since by her

medium misfortune is often converted to happiness; on the other hand, those things which we compute the greatest felicity, frequently turn out quite the reverse. In my opinion it is degrading virtue to make her principal occupation consist in being a guard to her rivals, health, riches and pleasure. Virtue removes all painful sensations, and excites those of the most delightful nature. Grief for the past, murmuring at the present, and anxiety for the future, are the greatest punishments of mankind; but virtue, directed by wisdom, guards us from them by limiting our desires, by making them conformable to reason, subjecting them to the laws of our Supreme Creator, and placing our perfection on immutability, not in airy phantoms and fleeting objects,

but in the proper use of our faculties, such as are suited to our present situation. Anger and Discontent spread their pernicious infection through every rank and condition, but Wisdom they dare not approach ; she wards off disease, which is too often the effect of intemperance. She excludes not the pleasures of the senses, but offers them refined and innocent ; and they become pleasing, in proportion as we stand in need of them. The pleasures of the mind follow in her train, and are ever attendant on her ; even in solitude, affliction, and adversity, they never forsake her.

Hark ! Virtue calls thee—Truth proclaims,  
That pleasure, rightly understood,  
Whate'er Vice feigns, or Folly dreams,  
Dwells only with the wise and good.

Whenever a virtuous person turns his thoughts on God, his neighbour, friends, or mankind in general, he experiences motions of secret joy, and conforms himself to the design of our Divine Creator, and lives worthy the esteem of his friends and acquaintance. Such a character, perfectly free from fear and hatred, employs the short period of life in the constant exercise of benevolence, or in other words, in the fruition of the most pleasing sensations; and thus, all the various sorts of agreeable sensations are united in favour of wisdom, and being combined in proportion, regulated by their sprightliness, duration, and agreement, they form the most delightful harmony.

But it is at the hour of death the vir-

tuous man receives the greatest blessing. Death brings him into the presence of a munificent, intransmutable Deity, who opens to him the treasures of his infinite wisdom, and receives him into the bosom of his tender mercy. It is then he meets the ineffable reward of his virtuous actions from that beneficent God, he served when on earth to the extent of his power.

If it is true that hope in itself is an agreeable sensation, and this in proportion to the greatness of its object, there cannot be a more delightful state than that of a person who feels present happiness in virtue, and can look forward with pleasure to the grand prospect of eternal felicity at the hour of death.



Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thy heart,  
A broken reed at best, but oft' a spear:  
On its sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.

I have given the picture of the wise man, but can I say such a one exists; I venture to affirm it dubitable; but let us endeavour to resemble this portrait, and the nearer we arrive to the accomplishment the more happy we shall be. There is in morals as well as in arts a certain notion of perfection, which artists should endeavour to seek after, though they cannot hope to attain it.

I fear not the ridicule of those who pretend to give laws to their superiors, if after having pointed out the sources of happiness, I observe that they flow

equally to sovereigns as to subjects. This is a speculation, which interests the human species too much to be denied to any one, who has a wish to entertain himself with it.

The greater part of mankind make their happiness depend on others : even those who are at the height of wealth and grandeur, often aim at felicity, under the title of suppliants. Indeed it is impossible, that those who have it in their power to choose their state should always gratify their desires. The heart of man is a kind of labyrinth, the centre of whose motions is its own private motives. But if we think that our happiness should become the general centre of others, this would be desiring a complete

change in their nature. This would be as ridiculous as to consent that our happiness should rely upon a miracle: let us behave in the best manner that is possible to our neighbours, but let us not expect to be really happy, but by indulging the dispositions peculiar to our nature. I account that a happy situation in which the pleasing sensations exceed those of pain. They are divided into three different classes, according as the propensities of the body, mind, or heart, predominate.

If we were to bring together a set of men truly enviable for their happiness, in vain should we seek for such in high stations of life; we should find them in the middle class, among those who subsist

by moderate labour, and by which they earn a competence sufficient to support themselves and families. We soon perceive that such persons live most free from care, anxiety, and uneasiness, and possess an inward sense of joy. True, their life is not full of fame and shew, but far more halcyon and serene; and though there are some pleasures they are deprived of, still they have many more solid ones, to which those in high life are entire strangers.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long  
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.  
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,  
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,  
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams  
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.  
The peasant too, a witness of his song,  
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.

The impressions made on the body are less agreeable than those made upon the mind. One sort of life will then be more agreeable, according as it is attended with more exercise of the mind than labour of the body. What can be more delightful than to enjoy all seasons, all places, and in short all nature in general? A happiness so choice as this is the lot of very few. It is a kind of sanctuary, the gates of Ignorance has closed, for some ages, from the greater bulk of mankind. She has blasted the lovely flowers of knowledge in men of private life, while she has extolled iniquity in conquerors.

The charm dissolves apace ;  
And, as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason.

As it is from the heart that the most agreeable sensations flow, hence we may conclude that to be the most happy life where benevolence most prevails. Those, to whom Fortune has been most profuse, cannot taste the true delights of her bounty, unless they are possessed of a benevolent heart. Their solid happiness is to be measured by the number of their fellow-creatures, whom they make happy.

What can surpass the happiness of that monarch, who limits not his benevolence within the narrow circle of fawning courtiers who surround him, but, with a bountiful hand, dispenses it alike to all his subjects, and delights to see them happy. Under his paternal care, the weathered sailor forgets his toils, and the

maimed veteran ends his days in peace and comfort. The widow receives consolation, and the orphans' cries are not disregarded. This drives away misery from the state, this gives life to arts and sciences, and encourages men of virtue and genius. By this, he makes plenty reign throughout his domains, and by this he augments his revenues and encreases his people, far more than by the most noble victory.

O sun of life ! whose heavenly ray  
Lights up and cheers our various day.

---

By thee, sweet Peace, her empire spread,  
Fair Science rais'd her laurell'd head,  
And Discord gnash'd in chains.

It is true, in this train of virtuous sensations there may not be any so lively as that of a victor, whose ambition is elate with conquest; yet he gains this pleasure by the hazard of becoming the most unfortunate of men, because he is subject to have his morals depraved by the principles of hatred, as also by care and anxiety.

In conclusion.---Let us live the life of Wisdom, and tread the inestimable paths of Virtue. The gaudy ornaments of dress, the dazzling splendour of opulence and grandeur, may allure the unwary mind, but not the wise, the virtuous, benevolent man. For virtue has charms that survive every earthly embellishment: the blooming cheek, the ruby lip, the spark-



ling eye, even the most vivid wit, lose all their lustre, if not adorned with the impeccable robe of virtue ; for she has delights, which add to the fragrance of the flower the permanence of evergreen.

On thee attends a radiant choir,  
Soft smiling Peace, and downy Rest,  
With Love, that prompts the warbling lyre ;  
And Hope, that soothes the throbbing breast.

Let us live in the exact performance of our several duties, and in the employment of those talents suited to our condition, and banish from our breasts all hatred, malice, and discontent.

In fine, it is only requisite that we should be capable of love and hatred, in

order to be made sensible, that our lives will never be so happy, as when we find our hearts inflamed with sentiments of benevolence.

Vice soon must wither and decay,  
But Virtue will bloom and flourish  
In eternal day.

Then is it not with moral philosophy, as with all other sciences? there is no mystery, which she is not willing to elucidate to those who are capable of the least consideration.

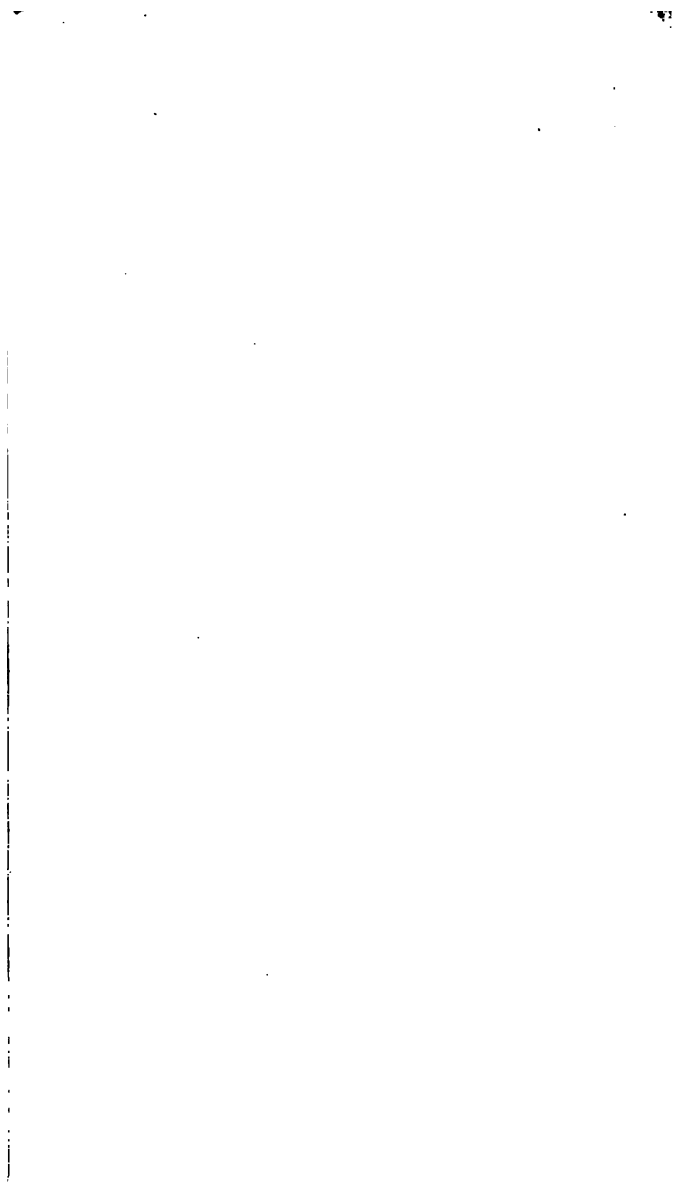
O teach me Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,  
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;  
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown,  
O, grant me honest fame, or grant me none.

THE END.

---

Reynell, Sons, and Wales,  
Printers, 21, Piccadilly.





6:1/1938.



6:7:1938



•  
•

•

•

•

•

•

•

•



